

July 7, 1940



SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK CITY...

HULLO, COMMISSIONER DOLAN? DIS IS FINKY, DA STOOL... LISSSEN, I GOT A HOT TIP! SOMETHIN' DAT'LL MAKE MURDER AN' ROBBERY SEEM LIKE KINNEERGARTEN GAMES... I'M CALLIN' FROM A PAY BOOTH... YEAH, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER...



AS FINKY STEPS FROM THE STORE A CAR SWERVES AROUND THE CORNER... FROM ITS WINDOWS POURS A HAIL OF LEADEN DEATH...



AND WITH THE SUDDENNESS OF ITS APPEARANCE, THE MURDER CAR CAREENS OFF, LEAVING ONLY THE TWITCHING BODY OF FINKY THE STOOL, HUDDLED IN THE GUTTER...



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



IN ALL MY 25 YEARS ON THE POLICE FORCE I HAVE NEVER SEEN THE LIKE OF IT!

I GOT A NEW BATCH ALL LINED UP. WANNA LOOK 'EM OVER, CHIEF?

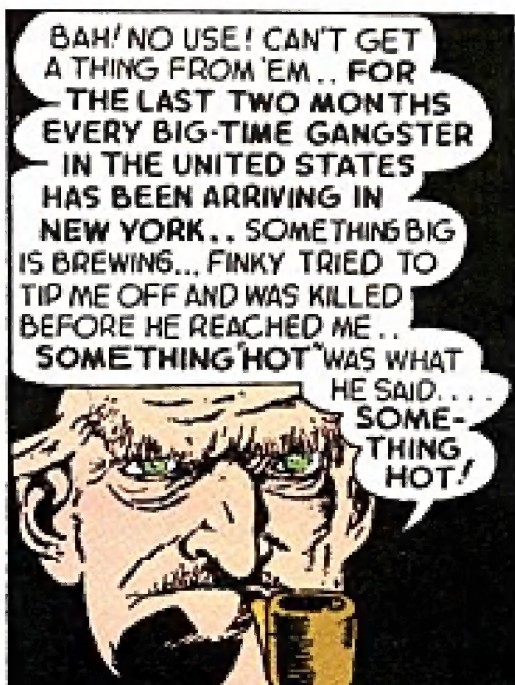
IN THE LINE-UP.



WE'RE HERE FOR OUR HEALTH... WHERE'S MY MOUTHPIECE? I AIN'T SAYIN' ANOTHER WOID!

WHY ARE YOU AND YOUR GANG IN NEW YORK, MIKE??

STEP DOWN!



BAH! NO USE! CAN'T GET A THING FROM 'EM... FOR THE LAST TWO MONTHS EVERY BIG-TIME GANGSTER IN THE UNITED STATES HAS BEEN ARRIVING IN NEW YORK... SOMETHING BIG IS BREWING... FINKY TRIED TO TIP ME OFF AND WAS KILLED BEFORE HE REACHED ME... SOMETHING HOT WAS WHAT HE SAID... SOMETHING HOT!

IN A QUIET RIVERSIDE DRIVE HOTEL, THE BLACK QUEEN, NOTORIOUS FEMALE MOUTHPIECE, SURVEYS A MOTLEY COLLECTION OF GANG LEADERS.



REGAN... MORGAN... MONKS... SHIFTY... ALL HERE? FINE!



BLACK QUEEN, YEAH... WE'RE ALL HERE! WE ALL KNOW THIS JOB'S GONNA BE BIG, BUT WHAT IS IT?

YEAH! MY MOB'S GETTIN' NOIVIS... SPILL IT!



WE ARE GOING TO HOLD UP NEW YORK CITY AND ROB IT OF FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS!

WHAT??

!??



NOT SCARED, ARE YOU, BOYS? I WANT 25 MILLION FOR MYSELF... THE REST YOU CAN SPLIT AMONG YOURSELVES. HERE'S MY PLAN...



WE HAVE A THOUSAND GANGSTERS... 500 WILL COVER THE BRIDGES! NO ONE GETS IN OR OUT OF MANHATTAN! 100 MEN GET INTO POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND BARRICADE IT! CUT ALL TELEPHONE WIRES!



...THE REST WILL COME WITH ME TO THE TREASURY BUILDING... WE'LL CLEAN IT OUT. LOAD THE MONEY INTO ARMED TRUCKS... SPEED THROUGH WESTCHESTER COUNTY AND ESCAPE, SIMPLE?

IN HIS HIDE-OUT IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY, THE SPIRIT TINKERS WITH A STRANGE-LOOKING WINGED CAR.



SUDDENLY THE CAR'S RADIO BLARES FORTH A POLICE CALL...



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



WITH A POWERFUL ROAR, THE CAR ZOOMS FROM THE HANGAR, WHOSE CAMOUFLAGED DOORS CLOSE IT FROM VIEW...



PLUCKY GUARDS OPEN UP FROM THE SUB-TREASURY ROOF WITH ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE..



A FEW SCREAMING GANGSTERS GO DOWN IN FLAMES..



BUT MOST OF THEM LAND ON THE ROOF AND CAPTURE THE BUILDING..



GET THE NITROGLYCERIN AND WORK ON THOSE VAULTS.. WE'VE ONLY A FEW HOURS!



MEANWHILE.. THE SPIRIT ROARS TOWARD NEW YORK

STOP! OR WE'LL BLAST YA!

GANGSTERS BLOCKING THE HIGHWAY... I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE IDEA!



THE CAR SUDDENLY SPROUTS WINGS



THE WINGS FOLD INWARD.. THE HOOD SLIDES OVER RETRACTABLE PROPELLERS.



WHAT THE..?!



NEXT STOP, NEW YORK!



HELLO..DIS IS UNIT 2 CALLIN' THE BLACK QUEEN. EVERYTHING'S O.K. DOWN HERE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.... RIGHT...



LISSSEN, PIKER, I'M GETTIN' SCARED!

YEH! LET'S PULL OUT! ONLY A HUNDRED O'US GUARDIN' THOSE COPS!

SUDDENLY A TALL FIGURE STANDS IN A WINDOW..



THE SPIRIT!! SHOOT!

BUT THE DAREDEVIL CRIME FIGHTER IS TOO QUICK, EVEN FOR GANG GUNS..





I THOUGHT I COULD CRACK A SAFE/BUT BOY, THESE ARE TOUGH BABIES!

SO WILL THE POLICE BE, WHEN THEY GET YOU!

SPIRIT!



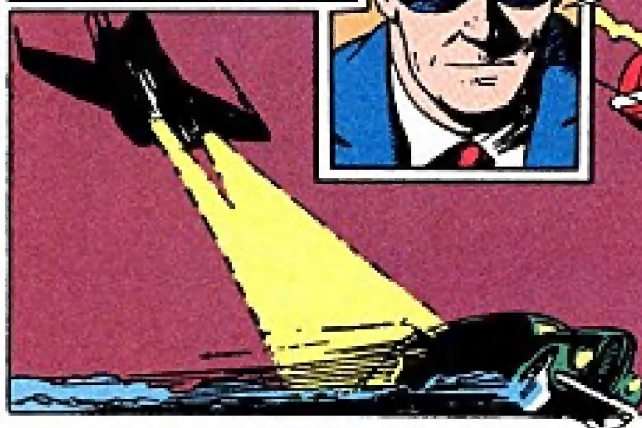
BUT BLACK QUEEN IS NOT TO BE CAUGHT... SHE HURLS A GAS BOMB AT THE SPIRIT.

SO LONG, SPIRIT!



COME ON, BOYS... WE'VE GOT TO REACH MY YACHT IN THE HARBOR! ONCE OUT TO SEA WE'VE GOT A CHANCE...

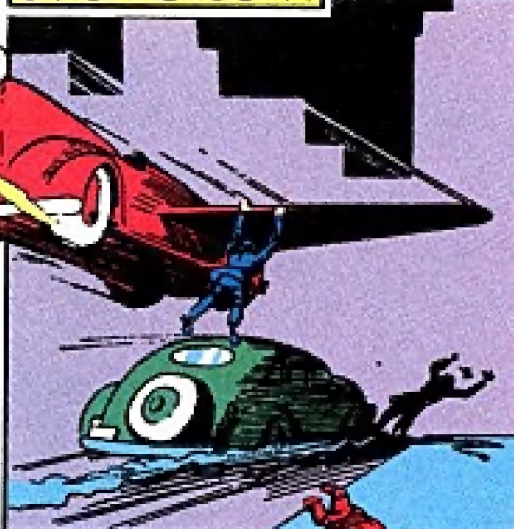
BUT THIRTY FEET ABOVE THEM, VEERING LIKE A BAT BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS, FOLLOWS THE SPIRIT, HIS HEADLIGHTS PICKING OUT THE GANGSTERS



GOOD GOSH! THEY'RE RUNNING DOWN THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN! TAKE THE CONTROLS, EBONY!



WITH THE EASE OF A SKILLED ACROBAT THE SPIRIT CLIMBS ACROSS THE WING AND DROPS ONTO THE ROOF.



HELLO, PIKER! TAKE THIS!

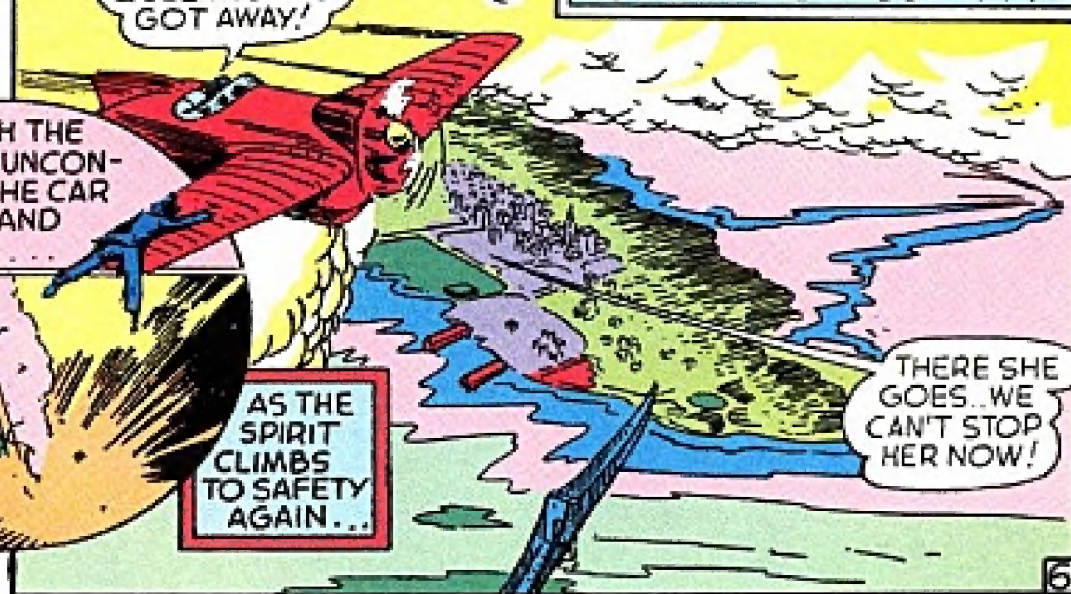
BOSS! Y'DONE MISSED THE QUEEN. SHE'S GOT AWAY!

... WITH THE DRIVER UNCONSCIOUS, THE CAR SWERVES AND CRASHES...



AS THE SPIRIT CLIMBS TO SAFETY AGAIN...

THE BLACK QUEEN MANAGES TO REACH HER YACHT, AND IS SPEEDING DOWN THE HARBOR...



THERE SHE GOES... WE CAN'T STOP HER NOW!



WAIT! I'VE AN IDEA!
CALLING GOVERNOR'S
ISLAND... THE
SPIRIT CALLING
GOVERNOR'S
ISLAND.

WITH A FEW TERSE
INSTRUCTIONS THE
SPIRIT GIVES HER POSITION



THERE IT IS..
FIRE!



AND WITH THEIR USUAL
SKILL, THEY SCORE
ON THE FIRST SHELL !!

AS THE LAST RAYS OF THE SETTING
SUN FILTER THROUGH THE SMOKE
OF THE SINKING SHIP, THE BLACK
QUEEN TURNS FLAMING EYES SKY-
WARD AS THE SPIRIT CIRCLES
OVERHEAD...



YOU, SPIRIT!
YOU'RE TO
BLAME FOR
THIS!

HAND
GRENADES



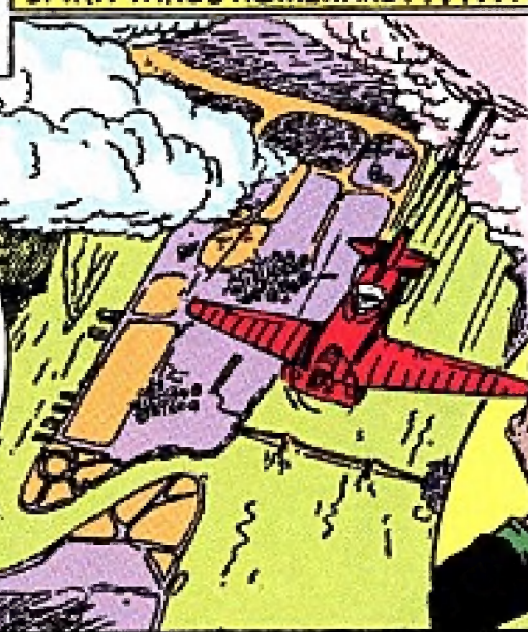
LOOK OUT! A HAND
GRENADE!.. WE'RE
FLYING TOO LOW!

SHE
HIT
US!



WE'VE GOT TO
REACH LAND.. THE
PROP'S BENT!

AND HIGH OVER MANHATTAN THE
SPIRIT WINGS HOMEWARD.....



THIS MAY BE THE END OF
AN ADVENTURE FOR YOU, SPIRIT..
BUT FOR THE BLACK QUEEN
IT'S JUST THE
BEGINNING!



YAHH! YAHH!
WE SHO'
LIT INTO
DAT CASE!
SHE SHO'
WUZ A
TOUGH
GAL!

EBONY, A BEAUTIFUL
WOMAN IS DANGEROUS,
BUT WHEN SHE HAS
BOTH BEAUTY AND
BRAINS... WHEW!
..LOOK OUT
FOR HER!!